

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

SATURDAY MORNING, APRIL 5, 1845.

William Buckminster, Editor.

MASS. GENERAL HOSPITAL. We acknowledge the favor of a copy of the annual report from the Trustees of this institution, including the report of the Superintendent.

The expenses last year were \$13,164. The whole number of patients admitted, 435. Of these 174 were paying patients and 260 were free; the 11 others paid board a part of the time; 182 were discharged well, 187 more or less relieved, and 47 died.

The present amount of property owned by the Hospital is \$157,067.04.

The condition of the McLean Asylum for the Insane, at Somerville, is shown in the report of Dr. Luther V. Bell, the able and indefatigable Physician and Superintendent. It appears that 185 patients were admitted during the past year, and 160 discharged. Of the latter 68 had recovered, and 19 had died. The number remaining at the end of the year was 152. The Asylum was compelled during the last year, for the first time since its establishment, to refuse some applications from want of room. The financial condition of the establishment is stated to be prosperous.

Our good neighbor, of the New England Farmer, has some and rowdies about his office that he ought to trim. If he continues to suffer them to argue agricultural questions in his paper by using the language of blackguards instead of that of gentlemen, he will much oblige us by neglecting to send a copy to our office. Farmers say it adds but little weight to an argument to call an opponent "an old hen." If friend Breck wishes to be treated as a gentleman he should use better terms, whether he writes for himself or instigates a desperado, without a name, to write for him.

DANCING THE CRAZY. The insane patients of the Blockley Asylum, Philadelphia, were treated to a ball last Friday evening. It was a novel affair, but everything passed off harmoniously. The lunatics did not feel disposed, at first, to dance, but when Xanthe Doudou was played up, none could resist the air, and all went it earnestly. In Germany and France such festivities among the crazed are said to be quite frequent and beneficial. "Music hath charms to soothe the troubled breast."

SPARE THE BIRDS. With sorrow we hear that many of these little songsters were shot by vicious boys, on Fast Day. Shot not for food but for sport! Farmers ought to combine and not suffer lawless boys to shoot in their fields. It is well known that birds do more good than hurt in our fields in addition to the music they make.

WE learn that the enterprising Alvah Crocker, Esq., President of the Fitchburg Railroad, has been chosen President of the Vermont and Massachusetts Railroad Corporation. This is to run to Brattleboro, and this appointment will insure its speedy completion.

WE had a light fall of snow here yesterday—a robin snow, the farmers say. Such snows afford a good opportunity to sow grass seeds, as trees are distinctly seen.

LARGE Calf. Mr. Charles Brigham of Marlborough had a cow last March which brought a calf weighing 164 pounds. The cow and calf both died.

CREAM-COLORED GRAPE CUTTINGS. We have a few of these cuttings at this office for sale.

OUR CHIEFLY NEWSPAPERS are very good, but we prefer giving the front page at Lowell. We understand that the salary attached to the office is the comfortable little sum of \$3,500 a year, with an additional sum for expenses, but 1,200 a month. M. This is in consequence of an arrangement by which the mail is sent through to Albany without unnecessary delay at any point, and will be waited with great satisfaction by travellers and the business public generally. [BOSTON AD. TUESDAY.]

NEW PUBLICATIONS. The 17th No. of that excellent series of books, the "Family Library," contains "Voyages round the world from the death of Capt. Cook to the present time; including remarks on the social condition of the inhabitants in the recently discovered countries; their progress in arts; and more especially, their advancement in religious knowledge."

KEEPING HOUSE AND HOUSEKEEPING is a story of domestic life, edited by Mrs. Sarah J. Hale. It is a small volume of 140 pages and contains certain chapters very appropriate to those who are too fashionable to know what they are going to have for dinner in their own houses.

THESE are both from the press of Harper & Brothers, who have also published "New Orleans as I found it," by H. Didiens—"The Wandering Jew," No. 10, and No. 22 of the Illuminated Pictorial Bible, with excellent engravings, as usual. Philips and Sons are agents in Boston.

GRAPE VINES. W. D. Ticknor & Co., have just published the third edition of "A practical treatise on the Grape Vine on open Walls." It is an addition of an improved method of planting and managing the roots of grape vines. Clement Hoare is the author.

HOW TO CONQUER TEXAS. Redding & Co., 8 State street, have issued a little pamphlet, price three cents, showing how Texas must be conquered before it conquers us.

NEWS BOYS. On Monday, a gentleman from the country was accosted by a news boy with, "Hero's Fairchild's Trial—all for six cents," and being very desirous to read it, he sent the boy into a store, near by, with a five dollar bill, to get it changed; the boy passed through the store, and the master of it, who was a police officer, and the boy was arrested by a Police Officer, and the master of the store, requested to call at the Police Office for it, and to give evidence in the case. Of the last fifty-six lads convicted of larceny in this country, forty-six were news-boys; and a sad commentary upon the business.

FAST SPEED.—Accident. We learn that a child of Mr. White, who resides at the South End, was run over on Monday last, by a chair which was going too fast. The boy's head was much injured, although it is expected it will not be fatal. If there is any one of the city ordinances which should be rigidly enforced, it is the one prohibiting fast driving in the streets.

ABSENCE OF MIND. A man on board a steam-boat intending to step up to the captain's office, and pay his fare, stepped up to a young widow and began to pay his ad-dress to her.

DOMESTIC. During the past week 2,025 bales of cotton goods were exported to foreign parts, at the recent session.

NAVY. The United States frigate Macedonian was at St. Thomas, March 23d.

Thursday, the 17th of April, has been appointed, by the Governor of Maine, Fast Day in that State.

RHODE ISLAND ELECTION.

Jackson is probably elected Gov. in the room of Fenner. He is a whig but is in favor of the liberation of Dorr.

The issue was mainly made up on the Dorr liberation question. Jackson was the liberator candidate; but the Lt. Governor and the other candidates on the anti-liberation ticket are said to be elected.

Cranton is elected to Congress in the eastern district without opposition. Arnold in the western district has some 500 majority over the present incumbent, Potter. All the officers elected are said to be whigs.

Both members of the Legislature, (which has the paroling power,) are said to be strongly anti-liberation.

A NARROW ESCAPE. A correspondent of the Newark Daily writes from Philadelphia Friday night, that the passengers in the car which left here in the afternoon, had a narrow escape. The driver, a negro, and the signal to the engine was not seen, in consequence of the darkness of the night, until the train was but two or three cars' length distant, when the whole force of the break was immediately applied, and the three men on the engine and tender leaped on the bridge, and with sticks of wood succeeded in preventing the train from going over. There should be, certainly, some efficacious means of notifying the engineer in such a case.

STATISTICS. By a recent act of our State Legislature, it is made the duty of the Assessors in every town, between the first of May and the first of October next, to make return to the Secretary of the Commonwealth, of the statistics of mechanical and manufacturing industry in their respective towns. The Secretary is to furnish blank tables for the purpose, with a copy of that of the Assessors of the several towns. Each Assessor is to receive from the Commonwealth \$1 & 25 a day, for every day employed in making the return.

FLOUR. A gentleman largely engaged in the four business in this city, informs us that upwards of 40,000 barrels of flour were sold in Lowell last year, for consumption here and the neighboring towns, and imported from New Haven, New York, the Fitchburg road, and the signal to the engine was not seen, in consequence of the darkness of the night, until the train was but two or three cars' length distant, when the whole force of the break was immediately applied, and the three men on the engine and tender leaped on the bridge, and with sticks of wood succeeded in preventing the train from going over. There should be, certainly, some efficacious means of notifying the engineer in such a case.

At present it would not be very difficult if we had leisure and opportunity, to gather together the statistics of New Hampshire home names, somehow or other, and send them to the literature of our country. There is Buckminster, the pure and the devout, whose published sermons are read and treasured up wherever piety and christian love are honored and imitated. Who has not heard of Nathaniel Carter, the graceful essayist and entertaining letter writer from Europe, whose early pilgrimage terminated so far away from his native hills. And that earnest old man, Newell, whose life was spilt forth by the pen of Channing, will never cease to form one of the brightest examples in the world's moral page.

Mr. Evans late winter was another question which he was anxious to have answered. He wished to know whether the right Hon. baronet was aware that all the sugar coming from Louisiana was brown Muscovado sugar, and, therefore, would come into this country at the duty of 28s., and not 25s. So that, in fact, the slave-grown sugar of the U. S. would be imported at a lower duty than the free-labor sugar of Java, Siam, and Manila.

Sir Robert Peel died in the other hand, in the course of the debate Mr. Peel said—

"At present I apprehend that the sugar could not be admitted at a lower duty in council than 25s. for its admission from the United States. At the same time, I have no heinous in saying that my construction of the treaty is that sugar from the United States would, under the reciprocity treaties, be admissible on the same terms and footing as sugar from Java, Manila, and China. (Loud cheer from the opposition benches.)

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Sir Robert Peel died entering into any argument upon the subject at present."

ONE WEEK LATER FROM CHINA. The ship

Grafton, Capt. Gardner, has arrived at New York from Canton. She brings advice to the 27th of December.

This is the fourth or fifth vessel from China that has arrived at that port in the last month.

The Celestial Empire had fallen into the greatest possible quietness. The pirates only seemed to occupy the attention of the people.

The Philadelphia correspondent of the New York Commercial Advertiser, under the date of Thursday morning, says, a most horrible attempt at murder was made on Capt. John M. Martin, of Boston. The evening before, a lawyer named James Zell, a respectable citizen, with whom Martin had been at variance for some time.

The assassin concealed himself in a wagon, followed by Mr. Zell as he came out of a public house to his residence, in a small court in Noble street above Third, and as he turned to go into the court, fired at him, lodging over one hundred shot in the back part of his person, wounding him so severely that he died on the spot. The bullet penetrated his lungs. The villain then fled in his wagon, and has not yet been taken.

The winds breathe low; the whistling leaf

Seas whisper from the tree; So gently flows the parting breath, When good men cease to be.

How beautiful on all the hills The crimson light is shed! 'Tis like the peace the christian gives To mourners round his bed.

How mildly on the wandering cloud The sunset beam is cast!

'Tis like the memory left behind When lone birds once breathe their last.

And now above the dewy night The yellow star appears!

So fair springs in the heart of those Whose eyes are bathed in tears.

But soon the morning's happier light

Its glory shall restore, And eyelids closed in death Shall wake to close no more.

A friend at our side reminds us while we write that a respectable gentleman of New Bedford, in a case before the Police Court, being summoned as a witness, although he declared his willingness to testify without being sworn absolutely to swear or affirm in the case. The girl's master was solicited under the circumstances to fix a low value upon her, and he agreed to take three hundred dollars. The money was collected and deposited here, according to the proposition; but when the girl was informed of the transaction, and that she might be hourly exposed, to be a slave- renter, she shrank from the master, and would not stand over Saturday night. The citizens were armed and on the alert.

REFUSING TO BE FREE. A colored man who procured his freedom in Virginia and now resides in Connecticut, was very desirous of the services of the sheriff and those whom he despatched to his residence, were at the last advice of Dr. C. W. Pease, to be arrested for his master's self service. The girl's master was solicited under the circumstances to fix a low value upon her, and he agreed to take three hundred dollars. The money was collected and deposited here, according to the proposition; but when the girl was informed of the transaction, and that she might be hourly exposed, to be a slave-renter, she shrank from the master, and would not stand over Saturday night. The citizens were armed and on the alert.

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THE POETS' CORNER.

FROM THE GERMAN.

Good night, my father dear!
Then com'as from thy labor full weary and worn,
But peaceful and calm in the cottage's bower,
No care for the morrow thy dreams shall encounter,
But, till the dark shall arouse them at morn,
Good night!

Good night, my mother dear!
Thy lullaby of my sorrows beguiled—
Now may our God have thee in his good keeping,
Angels watch over thee, while thou art sleeping,
Soothed to repose by the voice of thy child—
Good night!

Good night, brother mine!
Soft by thy rest, as if pillow'd on flowers;
Sleeping or waking, God keep thee from sorrow;
Sweet is thy parting who meet on the morn—
Ever, dear brother, such parting be ours;
Good night!

Good night, sister sweet!
Thus hast been long with the flowers at play;
His to thy couch, for thy eye lids are closing;
And see where the moon so to rest she is sinking,
Sailes on my sister, and seemest to say—
Good night!

Good night, beloved one!
Bright be the vision sleep bring to thee—
Heaven shield thee from ill till the night hours are over,
All gentle spirits above thy rest hover,
Whispering ever, beloved of me,
Good night!

Good night, dear ones all!
No heart feels that we part for a while;
Then, at our last parting, oh! let us not sorrow,
Since we know, dearest friends, we shall meet on the morn—
Butas life's evenning close, we repeat with a smile,
Good night!

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Florelle.

A TALE OF THE DAYS OF HENRI QUATRE.

In every clime, in every tongue
'Tis love insp'rs the poet's song.

MRS. BARKSDALE.

Florelle, the only child of the Baron de Pau, was in age of sixteen, the loveliest maiden in all France. If her form equalled not in symmetry the Medicean Venus, it possessed a nameless grace that no statue could give to the creation of art. Her locks of raven blackness contrasted finely with the snowy whiteness of her swan-like neck. Her large, dark, per-
severing eye was lighted by the fire of sensibility, and the rose of her cheek looked pale only when compared to the blushing of her lip.

This maiden, in retirement, made leagues from the capital, the fame of her charms was not long in reaching it, and, ere her seventeenth summer had passed away, the king demanded her in marriage for his godson, Henri, Count de St. Medard, only son of the Duke de la Digne, the most wealthy and powerful nobleman at the French court. Surely no father in his sense could refuse the offer of an alliance so splendid!—at least the Baron de Pau could not, as he was an independently situated and infirm. Florelle of the hour intended her, with a command to hold herself in readiness to receive her future lord at any time it should please the king to appoint.

Florelle was at first mightily pleased with this intelligence. Since her return from the convent in which she had been educated, she had not hardly been out of sight of the chateau, and her only sensations in it, in the absence of her mother, were times of pain and languor in attendance on the king, and mother she had none—were her aunt Therese, a belle of the last century, and now a devotee; father Denis, the confessor, and Annette, her maid—and a husband would be such an acquisition! But her pleasurable emotions soon subsided, and were succeeded by a melancholy and painful infirmity. Florelle of the hour intended her, with a command to hold herself in readiness to receive her future lord at any time it should please the king to appoint.

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"Aunt!" said she, springing from her seat, "there is music below. Do let us go down!"

"Holy Virgin! I exclaimed the old lady, indignantly! 'was it you? Come, I will go to intercept her devotions!' I, who was a great stickler for marrying for love—of her age is not!—and to be asked in marriage by one, of whom she never had heard, awoke all the pride of her little heart."

"'Tis a mere match of interest," said she, with more bitterness than she had ever felt, "and so that my father may gain his object, he would think little of his daughter like this, if he could find a woman who could never love him!"

"'Yon," she resumed, after looking for a moment on her aunt who sat musing over some form of her prayer, and thinking of the Chevalier Daval, "was a great stickler for marrying for love—of her age is not!—and to be asked in marriage by one, of whom she never had heard, awoke all the pride of her little heart."

"'Tis all! Well, I declare that I was so frightened! For I want you to wear your best dress, and to have a gown to have a stranger to breakfast with us. Whom do you think it is?"

"'Tis well, I was sure you could not guess!"

"The troubadour!" exclaimed Florelle.

"My child, you need not look so de-
mure about it. You surely cannot be ignorant of the custom of our young nobles, to assume the disguise of troubadours, to suit their convenience, or for the love of some girl, who may not be one of these! I believe you have heard speak of the Chevalier Daval!"

"'I have, madam," answered Florelle, and she might have added, some scores of times.

"Well, my dear, it was a troubadour that I first presumed to make love to me. Ah! I could not easily forget him, though like Mary of old, I have chosen the better part." Here again, in this same time, was a soft strain of music, that seemed to steal a beam of the setting sun into the sombre apartment, for there the vagrant breeze was scarcely permitted to enter.

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"'Tis well, I was sure you could not guess!"

"The troubadour!" exclaimed Florelle.

"My child, you need not look so de-
mure about it. You surely cannot be ignorant of the custom of our young nobles, to assume the

disguise of troubadours, to suit their convenience, or for the love of some girl, who may not be one of these! I believe you have heard speak of the Chevalier Daval!"

"'I have, madam," answered Florelle, and she might have added, some scores of times.

"Well, my dear, it was a troubadour that I first presumed to make love to me. Ah! I could not easily forget him, though like Mary of old, I have chosen the better part." Here again, in this same time, was a soft strain of music, that seemed to steal a beam of the setting sun into the sombre apartment, for there the vagrant breeze was scarcely permitted to enter.

"'Aunt!" said she, springing from her seat,

"there is music below. Do let us go down!"

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